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Even here, however, great liberties were taken with the important character of Caspar—the music of which was obliged to be entirely omitted, (a great detriment to the piece,) to suit it to the tragic capabilities of Mr. Bennett. The effect of this character was, in fact, completely destroyed in consequence; as I shall have occasion to shew at a future opportunity, when giving a translation from the original, of the scene between Caspar and Max, in which the former, gradually, and with much art, succeeds in working the latter to his purposes.

R.

Dublin, May, 1830.

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

From the German of Schiller.

BY JOSEPH SNOW.

"Wilt thou not the lambkins cherish,
"Lambkins still so weak and mild,
"That the blossoms only, nourish,
"Growing on the brook's-edge wild?
"Mother, mother, let me fly,
"To hunt upon the mountains high."

"Wilt thou not the herds together
"With thy bugle's brise note bring?
"Oh! 'tis sweet in sultry weather,
"To hear in the woods their small bells ring.
"Mother, mother, let me fly,
"To scale the wild, dark hills, so high."

"Wilt thou not thy friendless flowers
"Foster in their lonely beds?
"Ah! without are no fair bowers;
"Rude 'tis on the bleak hills' heads.
"Let them blossom, let them blow,—
"Mother, mother, I must go."

And boy-like, bent on his soul's passion,
Forth a-hunting rushes he;
Fearless, swift, his footsteps flash on
O'er the mountains wild and free;
For far before, o'er flood and fell,
Fearless sweeps a fleet gazelle.

Up the cliff's bare ribs so black, she
Climbs, and leaps, and lithely swings,
O'er bristling crags, and yawning cracks, she
Madly in her wild flight flings;
But in vain! for followed too,
Her fierce foe, with loud halloo.

Now, upon the rock's last peak she
Hangs far o'er the outer ledge,
Where for further path when seeks she,
Nought she sees but a black gulph's edge:
Below 'twas dark, and deep, and drear,
Behind—alas! grim death was near.

With misery's mute glance, despairing,
Sues she, seeks she backward flight;
But still in vain, for swift, unsparing,
Springs her reckless fo'r in sight;
When sudden! upward from that depth,
The mountain spirit sternly swept.

And as within his spectral arms,
Shelter sought that sad gazelle,
"Here why rouse such dire alarms?"
Shouted he with gestures full;
"There's room for all on plain and rock,
Why follow here my harmless flock?"

Cork, May, 1830.

TO EMMA.

FROM SCHILLER.

Far, in the misty distance, fair
Have fled the joys of former days;
Now only as a dewy star
Lingers on them my tearful gaze;
For, like the hollow orbs, their light
Shine only to me, thro' the night.

Wrapt in eternal sleep thou art,
Involved with death's all-binding chain;
Yet I behold thee in my heart,
Where grief hath bid thee live again—
But ah! it is thy shade alone,

The cares of love, with transports rife—
Can these, oh! Emma—these not last?
E'en as the fleeting things of life,
Emma! can love be ever past?
Does its celestial warmth decay,
And fade like earthly fires away?

SHARIN.

Belfast, 5th May, 1830.

Yesterday the Marquis of Donegall, attended by the members of the Natural History Society, laid the foundation-stone of the Belfast Museum. In the stone was deposited a bottle containing the current coins of the realm, copies of the various papers that have been published by the Belfast Natural-History Society, and four verses from the 12th chapter of the book of Job, in fifteen different languages, namely:—Hebrew, Greek, Irish, Welsh, Arabic, Latin, Italian, German, Danish, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Romaine, German-Hebrew, and English.

With these there was a paper containing the following inscription:

MUSEI BELFASTANI

Fundamenta Prima

Presentibus

Societatis Historiae Naturalis apud Belfastam

Socii, Aliisque multis scientie fauentibus

qui ad hoc opus pecuniam contulerant;

Locavit

Vir Honoratissimus

GEORGII AUGUSTUS CHICHESTER

MARCHIO de DONEGALL

IV. Non. Maias

MDCCXXX

Rege Augustissimo Georgio IV.

Annum Regni XI.

Agente.

The intention of the verses from the Bible, in so many languages, is, that after the lapse of many centuries they may possibly serve, like the Rosetta stone of Egypt, to unlock the mysteries of languages and books, then no longer spoken or understood.

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

A general stated meeting of this Academy, was held on the 15th instant, previous to the opening of the exhibition, which is now prepared for the inspection of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, after which it will be open to the public. We have great pleasure in being able to state that the exhibition will, we doubt not, be considered a most creditable display of native talents.

A letter having been read from Robert Hamilton, Esq. presenting the Academy with a beautiful picture of the Rape of Proserpine, painted on marble by the Cavaliero D'Arpino, a resolution of grateful acknowledgement was unanimously passed to that worthy patron and lover of the fine arts. This valuable gift is the more to be esteemed, as being the first work of the kind that has been given to the Academy.

A letter having also been read from Mr. Thomas Bell, presenting to the library of the Academy, a copy of his essay on Gothic architecture, a resolution of thanks for the gift was accordingly passed; after which the Academy proceeded to an election, by ballot, to fill up two of the four vacancies open in the list of associates, when from seventeen candidates, Mr. John Smyth, sculptor, and Mr. George Francis Mulvany, portrait painter, were declared *unanimously* elected. This selection should be considered as highly honorable to both of the gentlemen chosen, it being the second time that Mr. Smyth has won this distinction, having forfeited his place by an accidental non-compliance with the rules of the Academy, and Mr. G. F. Mulvany having but just arrived at the age which renders him eligible.

THE DRAMA.

Our Theatre has been closed for the last week, but re-opens on Monday next for the after-season. The only novelty yet announced, is "the talented and colossal elephant," as the bills express it; we should hope, however, that the attraction will not long be confined to the performances of Miss D'Geck, which, however talented, are scarcely fitted for a national theatre, and cannot exactly satisfy the lovers of the legitimate Drama. A new Opera called "Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol," was produced at Drury-lane Theatre, on the 1st inst. with great éclat; the music is an adaptation from Rossini's William Tell, and the principal parts are sustained by Madame Vestris, and Mr. Sinclair.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

Royal and saintly Cashel! I would gaze
Upon the wreck of thy departed powers,
Not in the dewy light of matin hours,
Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze,
But at the close of dim autumnal days;
When the sun's parting glance through slanting
showers,
Sheds o'er thy rock-throned pediments and towers,
Such awful gleams as brighten on decay's
Prophetic cheek.—At such a time, methinks
There breathes from thy lone courts and voiceless
aisles
A melancholy moral: such as sinks
On the worn traveller's heart, amid the piles
Of vast Persepolis on her mountain stand,
Or Thebes half buried in the desert's sand.

A. de V.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

To Innocence said cunning Love,
'One moment lend thy little dove,'
That I may sport with it awhile.
Innocence with ready smile,
Gave her treasure to the boy;
Who with most perfidious joy,
At the instant loosed the string,
That confined the favourite's wing.
So Innocence, as in dismay,
She saw her dear bird fly away;
From that melancholy hour,
Swore enmity to Cupid's power.

M. de V.

STANZAS.

When morning sheds the first pale ray,
That paints the misty fields with grey,
When the lovly king-cup wakes from rest,
And flings the dew-drop from its breast;
When from his moss-entwined bed,
The hare puts forth his anxious head,
Timidly sniffing the matin air,
As 'twere afraid to leave his lair:
Oh! then remember me!
Ere the busy scenes of life,
Awakening men to noise and strife,
Steal the hour's witchery.

When sultry sol his utmost height
Has reached in the meridian bright,
While in the hazel-covert close
The stag his languid body throws,
Where the brook in music wild
Babbles sweetly as a child;
And panting nature earth doth blesse
With luxury of happiness:
Oh! then remember me!
Hushed is the throstle's liquid throat,
Nor heard the blackbird's shriller note—
Nor linnet's minstrelsy.

When evening still and melancholy,
Lulls the soul to visions holy,
And warbling birds on every spray,
Requiem the fading day;
When the dewy tint of even
Melt sea with sky, and earth with heaven,
And the calmness of the whole
Sinks like religion on the soul:
Oh! then remember me!
On such an eve, at such an hour,
Remember one who sought thy bower,
Happy in nought but thee.

S. E. de V.